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THE
TOTNES ADDRESS
VERSIFIED.

*Look not askew at what it saith,
There's no Petition in it — saith. Prior.*

AMONG the many warm Addresses
Of Mayors, Aldermen, Burgeſſes,
And other People truly loyal,
(Who, now, their Zeal and Wits employ all,
To tell your Maſteſty, that they
Reſolve to *do*, as well as *ſay*)
We, Men of *TOTNES, Devon*, beg
Our Liege to let us make a Leg,
And eke a Speech to daunt your Foes,
Where'er the *London Gazette* goes!
Imprimis, Sir, in Strain moſt humble,
We'd have you know how much we grumble
At *Germany* and *Spain*, who durſt
Unite—before they warn'd us firſt!
And might have (had we not found out
Their Machinations) brought about
A World of Woe to You and *Your Hope*,
To *TOTNES, Britain*, and to *Europe*!
Their Schemes too black to be reveal'd,
And yet too true to be conceal'd,
Muſt ſtrike with horrible Surprize,
All People who have Ears and Eyes,
When 'tis but known they were intended
By Princes whom we late defended!
Princes! in whoſe divided Cauſe—
All Chriſtendom a Deluge was!
But, now, co-leagu'd, wou'd Matters jumble,
And Treaties topſy turvy tumble!
Anticipate the Conflagration,
By ſetting Fire to ev'ry Nation!

Tho' we (who *made them*) go to Ruin,
 Did ever Mortals see such Doing?
 But vain are Menaces and Threats,
 Forsooth we know their former Feats!
 And value, like so many Posts,
Spanish Armada's, *German Hosts*!
 Such Scare-Crow Potentates may vaunt,
 But ne'er your vallant *Britons* daunt:
 Alas! their shadowy Chimera's
 Can ne'er affright a Land of Heroes!
 Especially, since you, no doubt,
 Have been at Pains to look sharp out,
 And timely taken such wise Measures,
 As will ensure our Lives and Treasures.
 Then, there's your *Parliament* so able!
 And *Ministry* incomparable,
 With Spirits indefatigable.

But most of all—now Blood is up—behold
 Your Men of *Devon*, ever brave and bold!
 Bless us! what Heroes has our Country bred?
 And how your royal Ancestors have sped
 In like Conjunctions by their gallant Aid?
 We furnish'd *Drake*, a Man of mighty Fame!
 The Sons of *Spain* still tremble at his Name!
 A *Raleigh* too from *Devonshire* proceeded—
 But him we claim not—for he was beheaded!
 And tho' the *Dorset* Gentry make a fuss,
Churchill first breath'd the vital Air with us—
 We mean Great *Marlbrough*, of immortal Story!
 (*Hochstedt's* a Witness of this Heroe's Glory.)
 To whose sole Arm the Empire Safety owes,
 And its Great Head his Triumph o'er his Foes.
 True, these are Dust——But some remain alive,
 Who to the Dev'l our Enemies will drive——
Wager and *Hosier*! There's a Brace of Tars!
 Each more than *Neptune*, and at least a *Mars*!
 We warrant it they'll make the *Spaniards* mind 'em,
 And leave to Fishes many Feasts behind 'em!



Besides, our Borough to your Senate sends
 A *Wills*, among the bravest of your Friends!
 He, Sir, ev'n he, who now presents our *Speech*,
 Your foreign Foes Fidelity will teach.
 Lord how he scourg'd rebellious Rogues at *Preston*!
 Ay, that's a Proof he's one whom you may rest on!
 Take but our Words, and give him chief Command,
Ostend shall sink, and *Gibraltar* shall stand!

But, lest you think, Sir, this is *Rant*,
 Nothing but *Bamm*, and empty *Cant*,
 We, honest, hearty *Cocks* are willing
Per Pound Land Tax to pay *Four Shilling*:
 Nay, with such Chearfulness allow it,
 We'll toss the other *Sixteen* to it;
 Tho' we should mortgage Land and Houses,
 And eke our Children and our Spouses:
 Moreover, we'll most frankly part
 With all we have, with all our Heart,
 Rather than let our *Faith's Defender*
 Be bullied by a base *Pretender* —
 A Spurious, Popish Brat, abjur'd
 By all of Loyalty assur'd!
 If this we did, in Sober Sadness,
 What mayn't we do, when rous'd to Madness?
 We vow and swear, by Life's great Giver,
 We'll fight him to the longest Liver;
 And when our longest Liver's dead,
 Our Ghost shall haunt him in our stead,
 And fill his coward Soul with Dread!

This Resolution we have taken,
 That, warn'd, he may preserve his Bacon;
 Or, shou'd he ever chance to win
 A bloody Battle, and come in,
 (Which Heaven forbid shou'd ever be)
 Know, by these present Lines, that we
 Assure him he'll be fairly *bit*,
 And on your Throne, Unkingly, sit;

(4)

When none is left for such a Task
To head or hang, and draw and quarter
And now, Sir, to conclude our Speech
And show we Pray, as well as Preach
We've clubb'd an Hymn, and Cordial given
Our Cares, in humble Prayers, to Heaven
O Lord, still keep our Kingdoms free

(1)

GOD, prosper well our Noble King,
Our Lives and Fortunes all
May Peace and Truth, and Wit and Wealth,
The Britons brave befall

(2)

Late, very late, may our good King
An Heavenly Crown obtain
And eke his royal House we pray
A Prince so fit to reign

O may our Happiest so rare
To future Times go down,
May all the People say Amen,
Amen says TOTNES Town

